

THE HUE-and-SONG AFTER PATIENCE.

Patience Have but a little PATIENCE, and you shall hear,
Stand up How PATIENCE had the Gift to Lie and Swear;
Patience How PATIENCE cou'd with PATIENCE stand a Lie;
 (But PATIENCE wants to stand the PILLORY.)
 Out of all PATIENCE, to the Hague He steers:
 To stay He had not PATIENCE, for his EARS. *Empty ximo etc*

To the Tune of, *Hail to the Myrtle Shades.* *Junij. 1683.*

I.

Hail to London fair Town
 All hail to the Mayor & the Shrieves;
 Hail to the Scarlet Gown,
 Whose Sentence our *Patience* grieves:
 Justice and Law have prevail'd,
 With PATIENCE a *Verdict* to find;
 'Gainst *Patience*, whose conscience fail'd;
 Oh *Patience*! why art so blind?

II.

PATIENCE, the joy of the Town,
 The comfort and hope of the Crowd;
 PATIENCE, who got Renown,
 By *Perjury*, *Lies* and *Fraud*:
 PATIENCE who ne'r had the Heart
 His *Sovereign's* Rights to maintain;
 But *Patience* he had the Art
 To Swear and *Forswear* again;

III.

PATIENCE for Church and for State,
 And *Patience* for Meetings by stealth;
 PATIENCE, who wou'd translate
 The State to a *Commonwealth*:
 Whose Zeal has his *Patience* betray'd,
 To lie for the *Saints* in distress;
 Nay, tho' he's *Forsworn*, ('tis said,)
 He Swore he could do no less.

IV.

PATIENCE, whose Zeal did contrive
 The Monument *Figures* and *Spire*,
 That while there's a *Papist* alive
 We may not forget the Fire:
 The *Pillory* now is his Lot,
 He has rais'd such a flame with his Crew,
 That London is now too hot;
 Oh *Patience*! where art thou now?

V.

PATIENCE for Zeal to the Cause,
 Did preach to the Captives in Goal;
Patience, with great applause,
 Gave large to an *Hospital*:
 To USE now his Money may lend,
 For *Pomfret* he'll never more stand,
 Nor Warrants for *Tories* send,
 T'please *Titus* o'th' *Perjur'd* Band.

VI.

PATIENCE with Collar of *Brass*,
 To woful Disasters did fall;
Patience with *Copper Face*,
 And a Conscience worse than all;
 To Holland, to Holland he goes;
 For plainly now it appears,
 (That in spite of all *Whiggish Laws*,)
Ignoramus can't save his Ears.

VII.

Some say that the *Saints* may not Swear,
 But Lie ev'n as much as they can;
 Yet *Patience* in spite on's Ears,
 Will Swear and *Forswear* again:
 That *Patience* should be so far lost,
 Alas! who with *Patience* can hear?
 That a *Saint* should be *Knight* o'th' *Post*,
 And an *Elder* without an Ear.

VIII.

Let ev'ry good Subject with Me,
 Who *Patience* a Virtue doth praise,
 Lest he fall into *Perjury*,
 With *Patience* pray for Grace.
 But now I with *Patience* have done,
 Lest with *Patience* I keep such a *Rout*,
 That astray more with *Patience* run,
 And weary your *Patience* out.